## FOXY CRANDPA OUTWITS A TRAVELING MAGICIAN.



1. BOYS: "Oh, gran'pa, let him do come tricks for us."



2. BOYS: "Here's where we have the laugh on gran'pa."



3. BOYS: "Oh, that's one on you, gran'pa. Do you always carry cabbages in your inside pocket?"



4. GRANDPA: "Now just wait a minute, boys, and I'll show you



5. GRANDPA: "Hello, what have we here?"



6. GRANDPA: "Well, boys, this looks like one on you all."

# AND HIS HOUNDS

Latter Responsible for the Detective's Wide Reputation.

SOLVED DEEP MYSTERIES

Figer and John, Two Large Dogs, Have Hurricane Not Detective's Real Name, but it Fits Him.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) SUFFOLK, VA., Sept. 13.-With the possible exception of Pinkerton, the name of no man-chaser in the United States is much more widely known than that of Hurricane Branch, constable, detec-

of Hurricane Blanch, constable, detec-tive, and bloodingund trainer.

His legal cognomen is John J. S.
Branch, but since the attainment of no-toriety, few people beyond personal triends know that he has any name except Hurricane, which appellation, cause of Branch's sensational dete methods, was first used in a newspaper story by this writer some six years ago. The fitness of the title seems to have been recognized from the start, and is

Das stuck all the way.
Branch's mail, which pours in daily from the East, South, and Middle West, is invariably addressed, Hurricane Branch.

Like most men's reputation, Branch's was gained through the newspapers. It was not so much the man himself, though he is individually a unique and though he is individually at the bloodhounds that have given Branch such extended notoriety. Branch is quite a clever detective, and backed by a powerful constitution and boundless ambition and love for his work, he never abandons a case as long as one yestize of hope is case so long as one vestige of hope is left. He has been known to endure hardships and dangers for three or four consecutive nights without seeing a because TIGER AND JOHN.

The bloodhounds which have earned most of Hurricone Branch's reputation most of Hurricone Branch's reputation are Tiger and John, large Southern dogs which were secured from Fulton county. Ga. They are handsome specimens of canine flesh, weighing about 100 pounds

Branch first began to use bloodhounds be accessories in criminal-catching bout six years ago. The dogs he used then were owned by Deputy-Sheriff and Jailor. R. E. Norfiect. Byranch's chasing of bad men in Virginia and eastern the control of the control o North Carolina gave him a local repu tation but the first time his name got wide circulation was in connection with a bloodhound man-hunt in which a

white man and a negro was the quarry The end of the hunt was somewhat The end of the hunt was somewhat Bensational. The men believing they had a good lead on the dogs had sat down to rest and came near being affached before they knew it. They managed to fore they knew it. They managed to Supprised when asleep in a deserted cabbens of the street armed men who were seek to three armed men who were seek to the street armed men who were

gaplings.

The mn-hunt story was printed by metropolitan papers all over the country, and Branch's reputation has been in the ascendency over since. Hardly a crime of importance happens in this or nearby States, where bloodhounds can

be of avail but Branch gets a wire summons to bring his dogs.

THREE CALLS ONE DAY.

because of the marvelous same day word came from Norfolk coun ty that there were burglars to be trailed. The engagement Branch felt found to was at Plymouth, N. C., where he of train-wrecking and who was arrested

sweetheart's father.

glars and the like, though not always



HURRICANE BRANCH AND HIS BLOOD HOUNDS.

to a but where the alleged murderer was The crime could not be fastened on the suspect and he was released.

The details of Higginbotham's affair in Lynchburg a few months ago are well remembered. The assailant has been hang-

OTHER INSTANCES.

A two day's trail around Emporia, Va., a few years ago led to the taking of Cotton and a white tramp, both of whom were lynched by daylight in the courthouse square after State troops had been recalled. Cotton, who, before meeting česth, confessed to having killed seven men, was a noted criminal and expert

Surprised when asleep in a deserted cabin by three armed men who were seeking him, Cotton raised up and killed two men, repulsed the third and escaped unbarmed. The rewards were divided between Branch and a farmer.

The most celebrated trail of all followed by Tiger was that of Nell Cropsey, the leautiful young woman who last November disappeared from her father's porch at Elizabeth City, N. C., and whose body was found floating on Posquotank River thirty-seven days later.

Three Calls one day recently. A proprietor of a West Virginia colliery was found floating on Posquotank River thirty-seven days later.

FOLLOWER NELL CROPSEY.

Tirer followed Nell's tracks about the premises fifty-five hours after the tra
Takes Calls One Day.

A. Mr.:

\*\*Three Calls one day recently. A proprietor of a West Virginia colliery was found floating on Posquotank River the tra
\*\*Three Calls One Day.\*

\*\*Three Calls one day recently. A proprietor of a West Virginia colliery was found floating on Posquotank River that the last end Branch had three calls one day recently. A proprietor of a West Virginia colliery was found floating on Posquotank River that the last end Branch had three calls one day recently. A proprietor of a West Virginia colliery was found floating on Posquotank River that the last end Branch had the last end Branch had the last end granch had the last

some revenue. Not only do his fees pay well but he sells at fancy prices all the pups that can be grown at his kennels in Nansemond county, just beyond the county bridge.

Bishop of Alabama.

A convention for the election of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Alabama is to be held at Montgomery on October Sth. Three men are prominently mentioned for the place, they being the Rev John Gardiner Eurray, of Birmingham; the Rev. William Alexander Guerry, chaplin of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., and the Rev. Dr. William Thomas Manning, of Nashville,

Should the office not be bestowed upon one of these, it may fall to the Rev. Matthew Brewster, of Mobile; the Rev. Matthew Brewster, of Mobile; the Mot.
Matthew Brewster, of Atlanta, a relative of
C. B. Wilmer, of Atlanta, a relative of the late Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, or the Rev. A. W. Knight, of Atlanta, dean of the cathedral.

A. Mr. Rodgers, of Florida, aged eighty two, dresses and plays with dolls like a little girl. Otherwise he is perfectly

### POEMS WORTH READING.

My Little Boy that Dled. at his pretty face for just on

His braided frock and dainty buttone

thing in it.-Then tell me, mothers, wasn't not har to lose And miss him from my side,-My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear an-His father's hope, his mother's one de

And lives a long, long life in parents was so short a pride!

And then-my poor boy died. I see him rocking on his wooden charg-

er; I hear him pattering through the house all day; I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger, Listening to stories, whether grave or gay, Told at the bright fireside,

So dark now, since he died. But yet I often think my boy is liv-

As living as my other-children are. When good-night kisses I all around am giving.

I keep one for him, though he is so

Can a mere grave divide Me from him,-though he died? So, while I come and plant it o'er with

(Nothing but childish daisles all year Continually God's hand the curtain raises.

And I can hear his merry voice's And feel him at my side .-My little boy that died.

-Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

There's a Wind A-Blowing.

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.

For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And april's in the west wind, and daffo-

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tried as mine.
Apple orchards blossom there, where all's like wine. There is cool green grass there, where

men may lie at rest, the thrushes are in song there, flut-ing from the west. Will ve not come home, brother? Ye

have been long away; It's April and blossom time and white is the May, And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain. Will ye not come home, brother, home to

The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run; It's blue sky and white clouds and warm

rain and sun. rain and sun.

It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire
to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

'Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat.

Mrs. Hettle Green is rectailing so will ye not come home, brother, and an automobile; a cheap, they one.

I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full

It's the white road westward is the road

of birds' cries.

I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head; To the violets and the warm hearts and the thrushes' song. In the fine land, the west land, the land

-John Masefield, in The Speaker.

Sally Simpkin's Lament.

O, what is that comes gliding in, And quite in middling haste? It is the picture of my Jones, And painted to the waist.

It is not painted to the life. my dear!-O, dear, my Jones, What is become of you?

The half that you remark Is come to say my other half.
Is bit off by a shark!

O. Sally, sharks do things by halves, Yet most completely do! bite in one place seems enough, But I've been bit in two.

But now a shark must share! But let that pass—for now to you I'm neither here nor there.

Alas! death has a strange divorce Effected in the sea: It has divided me from you, And even me from me!

'Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights Are many leagues away!

Lord! think-when I am swimming round And looking where the boat is, shark just snaps away a half, Without a quarter's notice.

"One half is here, the other half Is near Columbia placed; C. Sally, I have got the whole Atlantic for my waist! 'Eut now, adieu-a long adleu!

I've solved death's awful riddle, and would say more, but I am doomed To break off in the middle!" -Thomas Hool.

Her Ideal.

She liked to read about a man, I he fought and thought it fun To go and kill a grizzly bear And eat him underdone. She loved the cavalier whose plume And stayed out late at night.

But when it came to real life She tossed her books aside, Unto no swaggering hero bold. She turned with wifely pride, In prace and comfort she decides Through life's short span to go; Her busbånd wears a monocle And murmurs, "Don't you know."

Oddities of Old Age.

An aged New York woman in her will eft her husband to another woman

A Missouri citizen, aged eighty-nine years, climbed a tall tree to capture a swarm of bees which had schied on a imb, and he got 'em.

Mrs. Hettle Green is Paotiating for

Sportsman About the Deep Run Hunt Club.

able showing we make before the world selves as others see us. Captain A. W. through the South, has written for the Sportsmen's Review, over his South American pseudonym of Gaucho, a very Mr. Cliff Lynham and when I say that interesting description of the Deep Run

Hunt Club and his impressions of its members. It is called "Southern Rambies," and reads as follows:

To a man who roams about the country from Winnipeg and Calgary in the far north to New Orleans and San Antonio in the south, taking in all sorts of shoots—good, bad and indifferent, meeting all birds of shooters—centlemen methunters. kinds of shooters-gentlemen, pot hunters, grablers and sportsmen—shooting one day at a well-laid out ground, and on another where it is difficult to even see the trap-house, to such a man, I submit, comes now and then a particularly attractive spot, and one to which his mind involuntarily reverts when m a pensive meed

Then, what really and above all counts

mood.

Then, what really and above all counts for most, is the personnel of any gun club. The kind of stuff the men who comprise it are made. The welcome with which they receive a visitor, the general treatment they accord him, and the wellbred style in which eney immediately make him feel at home.

Some people are fortunate enough to be clad by nature in risnoceros hide, so blind to cool and indifferent treatment that any words of encouragement or sympathy are simply wasted on them. But others are—unfortunately—thinner skinned, more's the pity, and to these I would say: "There are gun clubs and gun clubs." Fortunately the good ones predominate to such a large extent that the others loom up the more by contrast and because one seddom sees them.

It has been my pleasure from time to time to make mention of some strising feature found afield or at some particular shooting ground, and now it is wiff exquisite delight that I will give my readers a bird's eye view of the famour Deep Run Hunt Club. or Richmer'd, Va. In the first place, then, at one of the most charming pastoral spots on earth is the "Rosedale Lodge," owned by the Ginter catate, and rented by the Deep Run Hunt Club for \$1.000 per year. This country place covers an area of 127 acres, lying between Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomae railroad and borders on the

ing between Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad and borders on the ing between Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad and borders on the Hermitage Road, along which runs the Lakeside trolley. The house itself, surrounded by a broad verandah, is a model of its kind—cool, comfortable, well appointed, and, in fact, all that a clubhouse should be. It is located in two acres of lawn, garden and trees, encircled by a four-foot hedge of honeysuckle, all admirably kept and beautiful to look upon. At some distance are the train g stables, race track, while in the filsare bar and hedge jumps ror the schooling of hunters—the hunting season commencing at the fall horse-snow, and continuing until spring race meet.

At the west is the mile race track, one of the finest in the country, built at a cost of from five to six thousand dollars. There is being surveyed at present a strip of ground adjacent to the rest to be used as a polo field. I mention these various points of niterest in the endeavor to show what a grand place it all is.

points of niterest in the endeavor to show what a grand place it all is.

Now we come to the shooting ground. Which in my humble opinion is without doubt absolutely perfect. It lies directly in front of the Lodge, flat as a billiard table, with the slightest down grade, barely enough to drain itself. The traps are set five in a row, five yards apart, and every target is thrown against the open sky, and can be seen plainly and distinctly from the time it tops the very low screen until it allights fifty to fifty-five yards from whence it has sprung. The arrangements of the ground is such

Mr. Cliff Lynham and when I say that they work as well as those used by Manager Elmer Shaner, of the Interstate Association, I think that amply covers the case. During the shooting a simple but exquisite lunched is served to the members and their guests and between shots ham and cheese sandwiches, etc., cold sparkling beer, comfortable seats, cozy chats and a smoke, all go to make of it a most enjoyable afternoon. Other liquids are obtainable at the club-house and stunning mint juleus, spped uncer and stunning mint juleps, sipped uncer the shade of widespreading trees, impart a soft and mellow feeling that makes one deplore the brevity of the longest summer's day and regret that twilight is so soon at hand, forbidding by its scant though clear light further attempts to smash the elusive saucers.

scant though clear light further attempts to smash the elusive saucers.

After all, to shoot well and make high scores is a gift known to but few men. To shoot one's best, and strive to improve, is within the power of all. A brilliant, stylish, dashing shot is a shining mark—a glistening gun—but when all is said and done, to shoot at the very foremost point is not the end of the chapter, unless the lucky mortal has other traits besides. So it is that in a club of the social standing of the Deep Rum Hunt Club one sees trap shooting at its very best, i. e., shooting purely for the love of it and for the sport, per se.

In conclusion, I will say to you, gentlemen of Richmond, that you are to be congratulated on having so superb a club so perfect a shooting ground, and one so admirably equipped. But albeit in all fairness it must be said that none could more richly deserve it. None could grace it better; none could enjoy it more keenly, and surely none could make a wenderer feel more at home, comfortable welcome and serene. So it is that once your honored guest, always your once your honored guest, always your debtor, for recollection drifts your way. lingering about the old Richmond of the ongering about the old stiemmond of the old Virginia State. And one feels better for knowing such a splendid, manly, courteous, affable and polite set of men as compose the Deep Run Hunt Club. Cincinnati. O. GAUCHO.

### CARRIER PIGEONS FOUND EXHAUSTED IN THE ALPS

(Special Cable to The Times, Copyright

1902.) GENEVA, Sept. 6.-Several dozens of carrier pigeons let loose at Rome for Brussels have been picked up in the Southern Swiss Cantons either dead or in an exhausted condition. Most of them carried the following message: "I am tired and hungry. Treat me well and let

me go." Alpine guides say these birds were attracted by the snow-capped mountains. as moths by a candle, hovered about the peaks until exhausted. On being fed and released some pursued their journey northward, while others, seeming to profit by their hard experience, turned back South.